Fledgling Killer

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/19979806.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Murder, Crime, Murder Husbands, Alternate Universe, Hannigram - Freeform, murder fluff, Kind of Season 1 AU, Fluff, Hannibal Lecter's Murder Suit, Mention of child pornography and child trafficking, One Shot, A bit of Daddy Kink at the end, Don’t copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of Hannigram Oneshots, Part 5 of Season 1 AUs
Stats:	Published: 2019-07-25 Words: 1,891 Chapters: 1/1

Fledgling Killer

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will wants to commit his first murder and chooses the victim Hannibal wants to kill, too. Hannibal is surprised but very pleased to see Will and assumes his role as mentor to guide him through the kill.

Notes

Another mini one-shot that was not on my WIP list. Apparently my vacation at the lake was quite inspiring ;)

Inspired by:

Avenged Sevenfold - Natural Born Killer

Muffled screams reached Hannibal's ear when he crept into the two-story house. A frown appeared on his forehead and he drew the linoleum knife from his pocket. Cold wrath and possessiveness flooded through every cell of his body as the possibility entered his mind that another killer had been quicker. How rude. But his fury transformed into satisfaction at the prospect of being provided with more than sufficient supply of meat.

Ready to be ambushed at any time, Hannibal slinked through the darkness of the spacious home as quietly as possible, carefully treading on the wooden stairs as he followed the pained groans into the bedroom.

The door to the bedroom was already wide open and a familiar silhouette of a man with dark curly hair was bent with a knife over the victim, a stubby, bald man in his late fifties, tied up on the bed upholstered with plastic sheets. Hannibal's mouth fell open as he identified the beautiful face of the other killer he would recognize anywhere. Hannibal lingered at the threshold and his little knife dropped to the floor, causing Will Graham to flinch, straighten his body, draw his gun instinctively and point it at Hannibal standing at the door. His blue eyes widened and he looked equally shocked when he realized the second intruder was his psychiatrist dressed in a plastic suit.

"Will", Hannibal said, his lips curling into a satisfied and genuine smile, He lifted his hands up to signal defeat. "What a pleasant surprise to meet you here. I thought that Uncle Jack took you away from me again but fortunately I was wrong. You're really unpredictable, Will." There was pure love and tenderness in his voice.

"Hannibal", Will gasped, lowering the gun a little. Though it was dark, Hannibal noticed he was turning pale. If that was even possible given the marble tone of his skin "What are you doing here?" He frowned as he looked at his murder suit with narrowed eyes.

"The same thing that you were about to do to this man, I suppose." Hannibal countered, his face and voice smooth as if this was a normal conversation with a friend he had just met at the opera.

"You must be the Chesapeake Ripper", Will deduced, his eyebrows raised. "Well, I certainly did not expect that." He relaxed a little, tucked his gun away and gave him a warm, fond look. A silence fell between them. It was tense, as both were still too baffled but not completely uncomfortable because both were lovers and Will trusted Hannibal despite this shocking discovery. "Do I have to be afraid to lose one of my organs tonight l?" Will asked. A crooked, amused smile played along the corners of his mouth. His tone suggested it was more humourous remark than a serious question.

Hannibal let out an amused chuckle. "Yes, I am. And no I don't want to kill my beloved mongoose." Will relaxed his body posture and he blushed. Hannibal smiled. "I'm so proud that you have embraced your inner nature, Will. I always knew you had it in you." He took some steps towards him and steadied Will's shaking hand, holding his knife while the other caressed Will's face who still had some difficulties in grasping the absurdity of the situation and that his secret lover, his official psychiatrist, was another killer.

"What was his crime?" He inquired, eager to know what suddenly drove Will to kill after he had successfully deflected his comment that killing bad people does make him feel good during one of their therapy sessions.

The agent looked at the man in utter disgust before shifting his gaze back to Hannibal. "He had been part of a child trafficking ring. I figured it out yesterday. And he had lots of child pornography content on his computer." He said, his eyes glinting in cold fury.

Will was becoming a vigilante killer, Hannibal analysed. Not quite his design but thoroughly understandable. He did not worry about their different approaches. The most important thing to Hannibal was that Will took the first step in accepting his urges to kill.

"What has he done to you?" Will asked with a curious look on his face."

"He blew smoke into my face and dropped some unspeakably rude comments to a lady in front of the opera house." Hannibal replied in a cool tone, approaching the bed and looked at the man with calculating yet menacing eyes. The man whimpered.Will gave the man a slap on his face and he fell silent again.

"So you kill people who are rude to you." Will assessed, his lips twitching in amusement.

"Yes. Discourtesy is incredibly awkward to me."

The cloddy man with the puffed face tried to roll himself out of the bed while they conversed but Will would not have it, kicked him back with his foot and pinned him down to the mattress with his arms. He raised the hand with his knife once more. Another muffled squeal escaped the man's gagged mouth. Will thought of him like a pig, the way the man writhed and squealed beneath him.

"Do you need a hand?" Hannibal asked Will politely, checking on the man whose eyes widened even more as he witnessed the congregation of two killers above him and identified Hannibal as the man he had met at the opera.Sweat dropped from his forehead.

Will hesitated first but in the end he swallowed his pride."It's my first..kill. I guess I could learn one or two things from the Ripper himself." He remarked with a wry smile on his face.

Hannibal's smile widened and his maroon eyes were gleaming with adoration at Will's wish to help and guide him.

"Let's do it together then", Hannibal suggested in a suave voice, putting one hand on his shoulder. "If we want to eat him, he should die a quick death or his meat will be acidic."

"But I want him to suffer", Will threw in, giving the sweaty, cloddy man another contemptuous look. "He has destroyed so many innocent lives."

"And you want to take his life as God would do." Hannibal ascertained with sheer delight written all over his face.

"Yes, but I want God's punishment to be harsh, not swift and just." Will muttered, his sea bluish green eyes fixed on Hannibal.

”Very well then.” Hannibal gave in. It was Will’s design after all and he wouldn’t argue here. They already had wasted precious time and it was only a matter of time until someone came looking for the victim."But we should at least quieten and paralyze him.”

Will nodded in agreement.Their hands were intertwined when they strangled the man with their gloved hands until they had rendered him unconscious. Hannibal gave him a sedative to prevent the man from waking up.

Afterwards, they brought him into Hannibal’s shed where Hannibal kept his tools for proper dismemberment and decoration of his corpses. Once they had arrived, they placed the body on the stainless steel table.

With careful, slow,surgical yet tender movements, Hannibal guided Will’s hand with the scalpel to cut through the skin, the fat and muscular tissues to extract the organs while the man was still alive. His screams and begging for mercy were in vain when he woke up from the sedation and they opened his ribcage. Absolutely no one could hear him in the cabin far remote from Baltimore. Will let Hannibal lead him when they dissected the man as if Will was learning how to dance and Hannibal was his teacher. It was a dance macabre.

He had to watch with widened eyes shock itched on his face how they removed his kidneys, his lungs while he was still breathing and last but not least his intestines. Will kept shaking as he absorbed his emotions and state of shock, nearly stumbling to the floor, had it not been for Hannibal catching him in his arms.

Hannibal continued to teach his new protégé important lessons with passion and love.While draining the blood of the man until nothing was left, he instructed him how to skin the victim, twist his limbs into the position Will desired and helped him whenever his lover needed guidance and a strong hand to support him whenever his lover was struggling with the procedures.

Occasionally he yielded the temptation while standing behind Will and kissed his neck and cheeks until he felt this trousers tighten around his crotch and Hannibal needed to withdraw to prevent Will and him making love over the dead corpse on the floor. As tempting as it was, not that Hannibal had any concerns about that, creating the tableau still required a lot of work - not to mention the cleaning of the tools, the destruction of evidence.

When they had finished their murderous work, Hannibal pulled Will into a tight embrace with his bloodied fingers to calm him down and let the rush of adrenaline abate. The feelings of the victim still overwhelmed Will and left him breathing heavily and sweating. He was unable to face the victim and the tableau they had created at first.

Both had decided to create an origami heart out of the unfortunate man, which they put on display in the middle of the shed to admire and honor Will’s first kill together. Hannibal had not deemed it safe to return to the house even though he would have loved to display the body. To protect Will’s new second identity from scrutiny of the FBI, he decided it was best to consume and use every part of the victim.

“My fledgling killer”, Hannibal whispered when they stood in front of the tableau and Will had calmed down. He kissed Will on his forehead while stroking his cheeks and the stubble

of his beard on his jaw with tender hands."I’m proud of you. You’re finally breaking out of your chrysalis that has held you captured for so long.”

Will turned away from the tableau and nuzzled into Hannibal’s arms again, feeling complete and safe. He put his head on his chest and closed his eyes as Hannibal cradled him for some moments and buried his nose in his hair.

"Let’s head home”, Will muttered into Hannibal’s ear and let his hands wander on the bulge in Hannibal’s crotch. “It seems that murder makes us horny”, he remarked, chuckling. “Yes, darling”, Hannibal replied, panting heavily. “Let’s hurry. Daddy is hungry”, he breathed into Will’s ear. Will moaned. They proceeded to clean up in reverent silence until they could take the body parts back home for further use and disposal.

This fateful night had been as sacred as the blessing of the priests during the christening ceremony in the church. A new killer had hatched like a little bird from its egg and now been baptized with blood.

When they lay in bed after a long hour of passionate lovemaking, drowsing in the afterglow, Will admitted to Hannibal at last that killing bad people for doing bad things felt incredibly good. The psychiatrist was filled with serendipity that Will chose this path on his own without his need for manipulation and he held Will tight to his chest when they fell asleep as if he needed a reminder that this night had been real.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!